

Simple favours

by Snusmumrick

Category: Zootopia

Genre: Crime, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Judy H., Nick W., OC

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-15 21:39:23

Updated: 2016-04-23 13:13:32

Packaged: 2016-04-27 17:26:08

Rating: T

Chapters: 10

Words: 18,707

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Isaac Deenen is a growing name within the criminal organizations in Zootopia. In the rush of his fame, his inexperience is proven when he's tasked to kidnap the two most famous cops in the city- Nick Wilde and Judy Hopps.

1. Chapter 0: Going about it the wrong way

"Isaac, up." A blurred voice said, before I felt a hoof smack me in the backhead. The hit made me widen my eyes, and wake up from my nap. I was sitting down in the passenger seat of a car, parked next to a road. I rubbed the sleep out of my eyes, and looked down at my black fur paws, shaking my head at the fact that I had fell asleep- Again. I looked up at my co worker, Nathan, a white goat chewing on some hay as he frowned.

"Hey now, it's three AM. Don't judge.", I replied.

"The car passed us. Told you to look for it," He told me, sighing as he shifted into gear and went on the road, soon enough speeding down the road as he looked for the car that passed us.

"God, I thought wolves where suppose to be good at keeping a lookout.. Sleeping, rea-" I interrupted my coworker with a hush, and nodded my head towards the car.

"Before you start going "Oh, predators," you missed the car. It's behind us," I said, creating an awkward moment of silence. I shook my head, looking in the backing mirror and checked my black wool coat, tapping to reassure that my tranquilizer was there. I grabbed the hoodie underneath my coat and pulling it up, and then sliding a mask over my face. I grunted as my coworker pulled the handbrake, closing my eyes as we rearended the police four by four. We came to a hard stop, and slid off the road on a newly cut field in the rainforest. I slowly opened my eyes, looking in the mirror to see my masked self, before tapping my goat co worker.

"Leggo," I said quickly, opening the door to see our totalled SUV and the police 4X4 mashed together. The door opened, and a fox donning a police uniform came out- With a tranquilizer. He pointed it at me, and I didn't have enough time to pull out the tranquilizer. Shi-

"Lower it, or she's getting a double dose she ain't waking up from." I heard my goat friend say, as he appeared from the front of the police car, with his bandanna. He was holding a bunny by the ears, roughly pulling them, and making her squeal. This made the fox immediately turn around, and point the tranquilizer gun at him. I retorted by grabbing my tranquilizer, pointing it at him.

"Stop," I growled, narrowing my eyes and watching his moves catiously.

"Nick!," The bunny screamed as high as she could, before shaking her head. "... Don't.."

"Nick", simply stood where he stood, raising the tranquilizer slightly. Wasting no time, I lifted the tranquilizer, and firing a bolt at him. He was hit, and fell down, seemingly asleep. As I was about to shoot the bunny, I only saw Nicholas. On the ground. I slowly lowered my tranquilizer, looking around for the bunny.

"Hey, wolf!" I heard from behind, immediately turning around. I was hit in the face by a powerful kick of her two feet, sending me backing up, before falling down from something I didn't see before. A cliff. The bunny gasped, before running to catch me. I widened my eyes, and screamed for help, but ultimately falling down the cliff. The last thing I saw was her, and her terrified eyes as I plummeted to my probable death.

I woke up in a pool of dirt. My mask and hoodie had been ripped off my face. I groaned slowly, wiping off the blood on my nose. I quickly checked my drenched wet pants to find my phone. I pulled it out, and bore the eye torture of the completely destroyed Dogsus 6. The only thing I could make out on the screwed up screen was the time. Six AM. Shit. I coughed slightly, before pulling myself up sitting, looking around me. I was on a beach in the Rainforest District. It was, obviously, raining. I snorted slightly, looking around me for the tranquilizer. Noticing it in the shallow water nearby, I grabbed it and shoved it in my coat. It probably wasn't going to work, but I suppose it's better than leaving it in the water to leave evidence. I pulled myself up, and started walking, still taking in what happened. How it was possible I was alive. I looked up from the cliff I had fell from, only to see blue and red lights flickering from the edge of the cliff. I did what any sane criminal would do. Ran.

2. Chapter 1: Getting back

Oh, yes, I forgot to introduce you. I'm Isaac. I'm a twenty year old wolf, born and raised in the urban areas of Zootopia. By the age of fifteen, my friend Nicholas introduced me to the concept of the Blackmarket, and I was instantly hooked. Ever since, we have been tight colleagues and rarely had a day off. Working was our passion. Our life. Until a certain request of a very respected man changed that. Actually, that's where we left off, right? Well, don't let me

waste your time.

I shoved the coins into the payphone, before picking up the phone and dialing.

"Yes, this is Slick."

I sighed in relief of the voice of my old friend, smiling. "Hey Slick. Listen, we fucked up. Me and Nicholas? We went for it, and it bit us in the ass. Could you hollar to Hemsen?" I asked, looking around to meet some strange looks from the passerbies.

A moment of silence ensued, before I heard him spit something out, and coughing.

"Jesus, Slick, you alright?," I asked, looking up as I heard him choking.

"That was you two!? Christ, you're all over the news, Isaac! You and Nicholas really messed up bigtime. You literally took a job to take the two most famous police officers in Zootopia HOSTAGE?.. Christ.. Chr- Alright, do you have anything that can tie you to the crime? Is this phone tapped?" He blurted out questions. I looked down at myself, and sighed. I was literally walking evidence. The coat, which was completely drenched in mud and water, not to mention I was myself, and I still had the tranquilizer on me. All the blue had to do was stop and pick me up.

"You could say I couldn't be more obvious to the crime. And don't worry, it's a payphone. But I get what you mean, get rid of the clothes, the trunk. I'll get on it." He answered with a simple yep, and hung up. Slick. I hung the phone up, and started to look around the gas station I recently got to. "REG", They called it. I sighed, walking inside, only to see three police officers standing by the cashier and chatting.

"Yes, so, if you see a goat, or a wolf following the description, please do call. We don't know what they exactly look like, as they were masked, but you should be able to tell by their clothing. Especially the wolf, Officer Hopps told us he fell down a cliff. He should clearly look like he had a rough tim-" Fuck that shit. I dodged in behind a stack of beans, and snuck away from the cashier and the trio of cops. I looked around me, grunting, looking for any apparel I could wear in the gas station. Nothing. Damnit. I sighed, and continued to sneak in between shelves of goods to find any kind of apparel, before looking up to see a staff only sign on a door. Perfect. In a sneaking manner, I walked up to it, and twisted the handle. Damnit. Locked. I snuck up behind a shelf and peeked over at the officers and the cashiers. A sheep. Great. Looking down at what she was wearing, I noticed the gas station's name on it, and a pair of fitting pants. Awesome, that must mean that.. I looked over at the staff only door, and saw it open up. A one way lock? Before it fully opened, I ran up to stand behind the door as it was getting opened. A female cheetah exited, with the same brand of clothes that the cashier wore. Examining her quickly, I snuck into the staff only door before it closed. The room consisted of a pair of lockers, and a hallway leading to what seemed like a break room for the deployees. I smirked, grabbing the locker, and opening to see all kinds of pants and shirts.. But no wolf made. I sighed, smashing my head against the locker.

"Hey! You're not suppo-" A male voice was interrupted by me slamming the locker door into his face by instinct. Slowly looking over at him with wide eyes, I realized I had knocked out a wolf. With janitor clothes. Examining them, I slid him closer a->"Hey, what're you doing to Mark?!" I heard. I widened my eyes, and opened another locker, hearing the same metallic smack again. I looked over, and saw the cheetah from before, completely out cold from me slamming the locker into her face.<p>

"Oh my God! San-" SMACK!.. Another one fell victim to the lockers wrath. With wide eyes, I saw the Sheep cashier knocked out cold on the ground. I put on my best poker face, still wrapping my head around that I had knocked three people out with lockers. Looking back at the Mark fella', I grabbed him by his arms and began to undress him.

Fitting the cyan shirt on, I grabbed the cart that the Wolf Mark had been carrying around him. I had put all the knocked out employees in the break room, my other clothes and tranquilizer in a trash bag, hanging by the cleaning cart. Sighing, I waved to the three officers who exited. They gave me a look, before waving back, and walking out to their cars. I grabbed a towel and pretended to clean a window, smiling to myself, secretly watching as they drove off. As they did, it left me alone in the gas station. Dropping the towel, I started to in a panicking motion look for keys, phones, anything. I groaned, and grabbed the trash bag with my stuff in it, storming out, walking to the nearest car. If I only had some kind of.. Damnit. I searched my pockets, looking for any keys that belonged to Mark. I groaned, before getting out a pocket knife from one of the pockets. Puzzled, I wondered what to do it, before grabbing my shirt and ripping off a long bit of the sleeve and wrapping it around the blade of the knife, then crushing the window on the car with the handle of the knife. I crawled inside, and put the trash bag aside, looking in the glovebox for a key. Not finding anything, I went for underneath the seat a-Tough luck, carowner. I pulled out the car key, and shoved it into the keyhole, twisting it and starting the car. Changing the car into reverse, I turned to drive off on the road, headed towards Zootopia.

3. Chapter 2: Road home

After the whole incident back at the gas station, I was now tapping the steering wheel on the car as the radio was playing a happy tune. Heading on the highway towards Zootopia, I had been trying to contact Nicholas on my completely ruined phone. No luck, but there was no chance that he'd been caught. Knowing Nicholas, he had either talked his way, bribed, or escaped the police. If he even was there when they arrived. Controlling the steering wheel by lifting a knee and keeping the steering wheel stuck where it was, I grabbed my completely drenched pants and pulled out my wallet to see the content. Two hundred dollars cash, a snapped credit card and some food stamps. I sighed, tossing away the card and the stamps, considering they had been destroyed by the mud and water. The money though.. It had made it perfectly fine. I shoved them into the denim pants I was wearing, and looked up back on the road. Ahead of me laid a small mall. Immediately turning to get off the highway, I quickly found my way in to the parking space and looking around the mall for any clothing retailer. Stepping out of my car, I shielded my eyes

from the strong sun. I was right in between Zootopia and the Rain Forest District. That meant it was hot and humid, but it didn't rain at all as often in the Rain Forest. Walking towards the shopping center, I entered the mall and turned to find the closest apparel store. For such a small mall, it was incredibly packed with animals. All kinds of sizes, all with their own kind of shops. Now, I had to find a retailer that specialized, or at least sold, wolf clothing. A pair of jeans and a simple shirt would do. Walking around and attempting my best to avoid getting close to any of the small rodents, making sure that I don't stomp them. Turning around, I saw what I was looking for. "Predators," A simple clothing retailer that specialized in all kinds of male predators. Smirking to myself, I made a smooth turn and walked right in, looking around for the wolf section.

HISS! I jumped, screaming "JESUS!" outloud. As I looked down, I saw a cat. And I was standing on his tail.

"Would you get OFF?! He screamed, clawing at my feet. I stepped off him, lifting my arms. "Watch where you're going!" He continued his rant, screaming at me.

"Jeez, are you serious? I didn't even see you. How is that my fault?" I asked, shaking my head. He looked up at me, before giving a strict "Hmph!". Jesus, no wonder they got the nickname pussies. I chuckled at the joke in my mind, before continuing to the wolf section. I quickly swept up a pair of torn jeans, a t-shirt with some signs on it, and a pair of new socks. Because be honest. Who doesn't need new socks? Especially when your current ones are drenched. Sighing, I walked up to the counter and met the female fox standing there. Lifting my eyebrows as she took of the alarms on them, I picked my teeth with one of my claws.

"That'll be... Fifty dollars, my canine friend." She said, smiling up at me. Smiling back, I handed her the hundred dollar bill.

"Here. Busy today, huh?," I said, attempting to get some conversation. I put my hands in my pockets, smiling.

"Oh, tell me about it. And it's all about that whole attempted kidnapping at Judy and Nick! You know, those two police officers from Zootopia?" She replied, making my heart sink down into my stomach.

"O-Oh.. What... Happened?," I stuttered, as I felt my irises start to shrink.

"You haven't heard?! Someone tried to kidnap them! And the productions in Zootopia was delayed, so people went all the way here to get to hear about the news! I have never heard of people going out of their way to get a simple newspaper," She rambled on, as I simply began to draw sweat. This was bad. Really bad.

I gulped, as she handed me my change and I took it back with a shaking paw. I shoved it into my pocket, grabbed my clothes, and went to the closest toilet, sitting down on the seat.

Oh God, this is bad. Shit, this is getting way too big.

I was feeling sick. As I bent over the toilet, I emptied my stomach

contents from just how nervous I was. I frowned, and looked around me in the toilet. I had to get back to my workshop. I grabbed the clothes I recently bought and slipped them on, before storming out of the bathroom, leaving Mark's janitor clothes behind. I stopped in my panic, and began to walk more calmly and connected, still sweating bullets. I was not going to jail for this. Not by a million years! As I got to the doors, I got to the car I stole and sat down in it. Next stop Zootopia.

An hour passed before I finally got to Zootopia, and I was running of fumes in the car. I turned a corner, and saw it. A double fenced gate, with behind it, a former warehouse turned into a garage, with two mechanical, green doors. The base of operations. This is where me, Slick, and Nicholas lived. It was also where all our assets were laundered and sent to offshore accounts. We had been working on it ever since we started in the business, and so far- It worked out. Just as I was about fifty feet away from the damned place, the car ran out of fuel. I sighed, and turned a strict turn to the right and rolled it into an alleyway for temporary hiding. I sighed, and hopped out, walking out of the alleyway and to the workshop. As I closed in, the faint sound of heavy metal became louder. The gates of the workshop was opened as Nicholas looked over at me, crossing his arms and lifting his eyebrows. His eyes were concealed by a pair of aviators, and he was wearing a full tuxedo. I walked up to him, and smiled slightly.

"Knew you'd make it, Nick. But I can't say I wasn't getting worried." I said, putting my paws in my pockets.

He chuckled, smiling before he threw a light punch at my shoulder. "Yeah. Listen, we're going to have to separate whilst we got all this heat on our asses, we're going to have to stay away from each other for a while. But the job is still due, and Hemsén put away the deadline." He pulled out a file of documents, handing them to me. I grabbed them, only seeing brief pictures of Nick and Judy.

"First, Isaac, get changed to something else, you look horrible." He looked at me, before tapping on the file. "Second, you are going to become a close friend with Judy and Nick."

4. Chapter 3: Preparations

As Nicholas walked off, I turned back to the car workshop and opened the file. The file contained information such as their favorite places to eat, or places they're usually seen at. As I walked up to the Workshop, I closed the fence gates behind me. I walked up to the two garage doors, before walking to the right, and opening the actual door to the entre, which had been remade to a dining room. To the right, a staircase to the upper floor could be seen, and to the left, there was a door to the main room of the garage. The heavy metal's volume from the main room got lower, and the door to the workshop itself opened. Behind the door stood a weasel, with a bandanna around his head as a hat, and a white tank top, with oilspots all around it. He slowly lifted his arms, and ran up to me and hugged me.

"Missed 'ya, you lil' shit," Slick said in his New York accent, as he hugged me. I knelt down and hugged him back, patting his back.

"It's been two days, Slick. Literally. But I missed you too, bud. How'd ya holding the place up?" I asked, smirking as he let go. I took a seat on one of the nearby chairs, folding my arms.

"Good. Stuff's really been brewin' up 'bout you two and what you did. Check't out," He said, throwing me the local newspaper. The headline read "Officer Wilde, Zootopia's first fox police officer hospitalized after attempted kidnapping." I sighed, flipping pages to see the whole article.

"The whole animal kingdom is shook by the actions that happened yesterday. The police officers Judy Hopps and Nick Wilde, the heroes that saved this city mere months ago; have been the victims of an attempted kidnapping, resulting in Officer Wilde being hospitalized due to being shot with a tranquilizer with a too intensive shot." I sighed and stopped reading, frowning as I threw it on the dining table, looking over at Slick. I smirked slightly, before getting up and walking up the stairs.

"Y'know, Isaac, I'll be serious with 'ya. You'll have to up your social skills. You're going to meet two people who are probably being guarded twenty four seven by officers. Be careful." Slick said, sighing. We got to the second floor, which more worked like a balcony. It was a overlook on the garage, showing off cars with their engine blocks taken out, and a pair of bikes standing in a row by the wall.

"Hey, you listening to me, Isaac? I'm serious!" I snapped out of looking over the garage, leaning on the railing towards the overlook of the garage. "You are going to have to try your hardest with this if you ain't feelin' like goin to jail!" Staring at him, I frowned, and put my paw on my cheek, scratching.

"Yeah, I know, Slick, I know. I'm going to do my best. Listen, I'll take the bus, see what I can do to blend in," I said, looking over at him. "Just let me change first," I said, waving him off. A familiar sound made me snap in place, frozen. The sound of a pair of sirens. I slowly turned around, and looked over at Slick. Looking just as terrified as me, we both ran down to the door, to peek out the window. A cruiser, with a truck behind it. The truck was holding a black SUV, which was completely totalled in the back.

"Wait... Is that.." Slick mumbled, and I nodded, confirming.

"Our car, yeah," I said. "I guess the plan worked."

Flashback-

Nicholas and Isaac sat in the car, pondering over the plan. Nicholas looked up over at Isaac, nodding once. "Hey. Listen, make the call." He said, only getting a nod from Isaac as he grabbed the homephone. As he dialed 911, he cleared his throat.

"_Hello?! Police?! Please, my SUV has been stolen from me! I need you to send out someone! Please!," A fake panicked Isaac screamed, hyperventilating to make it more realistic. "W-Well, can you send out your best officers?! Those.. That... That Nick and Judy! Yes! Where it is? They where heading towards the south ridge road in the Rainforest district! Yes! Thank you!," Isaac smirked as he looked

over at Nicholas, nodding once as he adjusted his coat._

"_Alright, let's wait," Isaac heard, before slowly drifting off to sleep._

5. Chapter 4: The Frozen Yoghurt Frenzy

The pig, no joke, I am serious. The pig police officer walked up to me, hooves behind her back as she cleared her throat.

"Excuse me, are you Mr. Deenen?" She asked, stuttering slightly.

"Yeah, that's me. Is.. That my car, officer?" I asked, smirking on the inside.

"Yes, it would appear that it was used for the kidnapp- Well, I don't need to explain, I'm sure everyone in the whole animal kingdom has heard about it. I just need you to write down your name here, and here, and what is.. Left of the car, will be in your possession," She said, holding out a paper and a pen. I grabbed them signing with a smile.

"Yes.. Well, what a shame, don't you say, Officer?," I said, smiling as I handed her the items back.

"Absoloutely. But no need to be scared, sir, we are right on their tail, sir!," She said, as if she got a confidence boost. I chuckled, as she took the items from me.

"I'm sure you are," I said, before turning to the truck dumping the totalled SUV on the ground infront of our garage. Slick walked up next to me, sighing as he folded his arms.

"Y'know, I ain't fixin' that, friend." He said, as a backing mirror humorously fell off. I sighed and rubbed my hands. "Well. Can you atleast help me move it?" I said, as I walked over to the fork truck.

The process of getting the SUV into the garage took longer then I'd like it to. But it was necessary. Looking over to Slick, I whistled, getting his attention.

"Hey, I'm going to go get this oil off my hands, then see if I can.." I paused, looking down at the file Nicholas gave me. "Visit the frozen yoghurt frenzy." I said, my smile instantly dropping. I sighed, and went up to the overview point of the garage, then through another door, seeing three doors. One to the middle, on to the left, and one to the right. Entering the one on the right, I entered my room. The place was alright clean, but the sheets, covers and pillows was all tossed together like a salad. I sighed, and began to take off the cheap clothes I previously was donning, grabbing a new, midnight blue shirt, a pair of black jeans and the backup coat I had incase I lost the other one. In this case, I had just fell down a cliff with it. You know. The usual. Sitting down by the computer, I opened up the browser, searching up the local newspaper and checking what's new.

EVERYWHERE. IT IS.

EVERYWHERE.

On every website. Every single one. There was no exception. About the kidnapping. God damnit. I stood up, shaking off the feeling of dread, adjusting my coat as I fit on some leather gloves. Walking out of the room, I walked down to the garage itself, finding Slick working on the SUV. I chuckled, walking past him and to the bikes that stand on row. Walking over to the end of the row, there was a piece of cloth hiding the vehicle in front of me. I pulled it off, witnessing the Coyota Hayabusa 1300, customized as a streetfighter. Smiling, I grabbed onto the handles of the motorbike, leading it out.

"Where you goin', Isaac?" Slick asked from underneath the hood of the car.

"Goin' to start working," I said, waving to him as I started up the bike, the loud straight piped sound almost making me want to cover my ears. I put it up against a wall and ran off to the garage to get a helmet.

"God damnit, how hard can it be to fi- Nevermind, Slick," I said, as I opened the closet in my room and took out my matte black helmet, with a tint on it. I nodded to Slick who had helped me search it up, before jogging down the stairs and out to the Hayabusa. Shifting into gear, I waved to Slick.

"Yo' Slick! There's a car over in the alleyway with my stuff in it, get that and I'll be in your debt," I said, before going off on the packed roads of Zootopia.

Filtering past the cars, I tapped on the bike's tank with one hand as my eyes searched cautiously for the Frozen Yoghurt bar. It was a hot day in Zootopia, and everyone was out enjoying the weather. Entering a local park, I scouted the icecream bars, Snarlbucks, looking for the "Frozen Yoghurt Frenzy. Apparently, it was one of the best frozen yoghurt places in the district. And that's saying something, considering Zootopia's all about their sweet stuff. But, I don't get the whole thing about frozen yoghurt. It's JUST like ice cream. Only difference i- Oh, there is it... And it's full of paparazzis.

I think I just found Judy.

I turned off the road to park on the parking spot, getting some heads turned at me. I switched to neutral and turned the bike off, leaning it towards one of the trees. I sighed, taking off the helmet and gloves, looking at the crowd gathering around the frozen yoghurt bar. I leaned onto the bike, absolutely not going into that crowd of paparazzis.

"Please, I just want to get a-" The all too familiar voice from the kidnapping was heard, but was soon drowned out by a huge flow of questions from the paparazzis, as well as a TV crew that set up a while away. A angered Judy threw herself right through the crowd, wearing a normal attire, not her police uniform, attempting to get away from the cluster of people. They all ran after her, yelling her name. This was the perfect opportunity, I'd say.

I jogged off and stopped right behind her lifting my hands up.

"Jesus Christ, people, give her some room! She just wants to enjoy some-," I stopped talking as Judy turned around and screamed, "LEAVE ME ALONE," from behind me, as I felt a extremely cold substance hit me right in the head. Shuddering, I put a paw on my neck, to see frozen yoghurt on it. I sighed, looking over over at Judy, before looking back at the Paparazzis, who had gotten a fair share of the frozen yoghurt on themselves. They all mumbles, taking the last pictures of her.

"Did you get enough pictures already?! C'mon, people, leave her alone," I said, wiping off the frozen yoghurt from my back. They all muttered, before walking off, some staying to take pictures from a distance.

"Hey.. Thanks," I heard someone from behind me say. I turned around, looking at the bunny in front of me. I kneeled down, offering a fist bump.

"No sweat. You must be Judy Hopps, the officer?," I said, smiling. She gladly accepted the fistbump, before returning to holding her half full frozen yoghurt with both of her paws.

"Yep, that's me! Oh," Her face expression changed to a terrified one, as she took out a napkin from her pocket, handing it to me. "I'm so sorry, I was aiming for the others.. They just.. They weren't leaving me alone. I'm so sorry, God, now I feel bad," She said, her ears sinking down onto her head. I smiled, grabbing the napkin and wiping away the melted frozen yoghurt from my back, head and what little got in between my neck.

"No worries, I would go mad if I was followed around constantly aswell," I said, throwing aside the used napkin as I got up, looking over at Judy, who was looking up at me and smiling slightly, probably from me reassuring that it was alright.

"Hey, I was actually going to go through the park. I was going to be going with Nick, but.. That... stupid kidnapping.. This was going to be our first day off in a while," She said, attempting to fake a smile, looking down on the ground as she cleared her throat. "Anyway, want to come with?," She asked, looking up at me with puppy eyes.

"Uh, sure, what, just walking through the park?," I asked, folding my arms as I slightly raised my eyebrows, "Oh, and I'm sorry to ask, but is Nick alright?," I asked, faking a concerned face as I rubbed my hands together. We started walking together down in the street towards the street.

"Yeah, he'll be fine.. I just.. If I could've gone to do what I did earlier, he wouldn't had to be in a hospital right now.. Why would anyone want to do something like that?," She said, looking up at me. I shrugged, lifting my arms.

"Lot's of reasons, y'know. Money, favors, but I don't know," I lied, frowning as we continuing strolling through Zootopia, reaching the park soon enough.

"But.. I don't understand! We just want to help people," She said, looking down at the ground, clearly upset. I actually felt

bad.

"Hey, don't let a few.. Rotten apples bring you down. Atleast noone was harmed," I said, looking around me as we entered the park, sitting down on a nearby bench as she finished her frozen yoghurt, and looked up at me.

"No.. Someone DID get harmed. That.. Poor wolf. He might've tried to kidnap me.. But I.. Oh God," She said, covering her mouth. "I.. Kicked him off a cliff.. There was no charges pressed against me because it was decided it was self defence but..," She said, as tears welled up in her eyes. "I killed him..," She said, as she looked up into my eyes, seeming to get more caught up in them, as if she noticed something. Oh. Oh crap. I started to panic, and she noticed it. Just as she was about to say something, her phone rang, and she picked it up.

"Judy Hopps here. Oh. Yeah, I'll be there," She said, looking over at me. "I'm sorry, what was your name?," She asked.

"U-Uh, I'm Isaac," I said plainly, still startled by the fact that she almost recognized me.

"Well, Isaac, thanks for keeping me company. But I have to go, it's about Nick," She said, smiling slightly. "Bye!," She said before hopping off the bench, walking off with a haste. I had almost been recognized by her. I am one lucky son of a bitch.

_It's the magic number... _A phone rang from my coat. I tilted my head and felt my ears tense up as I grabbed the phone, hesitantly answering it.

"Isaac here. Who's this?," I asked, looking around me in the park, noticing how dark it was.

"I'm dissapointed, Deenen. I thought we agreed on absoloutely no failures. You really are just a typical youngster in it for fast money, aren't you?," A dark, raspy voice said from the other side of the line. My blood froze as I slowly licked my lips to answer.

"Mister Hensen. I'll have you know that I am very sorry about what happe-," I was interupted by three words.

"You will be," He growled, before he hung up. I gulped, looking around me to make sure noone was there. Just as I was about to turn around, I felt a wooden object slam me hard in the head. It made me lose my balance, and threw me down onto the ground. Looking at my attacker, I only saw a masked figure, holding a baseball bat, dripping with my blood. He waved at me, before lifting the baseball bat.

"Sweet dreams," He said, before moving it down in one motion and knocking me unconscious.

6. Chapter 5: Escape

A distant dripping was heard as I slowly opened my eyes. A blurred vision hindered me from seeing where I was, but the feeling I had

couldn't be mistaken. I was hanging upside down. Slowly attempting to rub my eyes, I started to notice that I was tied. And it was restricting my blood flow.

"Now, Deenen, I see you're waking up," The unmistakable voice of Hemsén said. I slowly looked over towards the general direction of the voice. An older, smiling hyena sat down in a chair just a couple of feet away from me, smiling with a cigar in his mouth. "You know what the failure meant? You, and your friend Nicholas.. You're hunted by the whole animal kingdom. For attempting to take away their favorite police officers.. And I've had some very trusted colleagues of mine turn on me.. All because you.. And your grass eating friend," Hemsén said, as he stood up from his chair, walking up to me, as he laughed a typical hyena cackle, before kicking me in my face, causing my nose to bleed, dripping into my eyes. He grabbed me forcefully by my neck skin, pulling me close to him.

"Predator to predator... Don't be sad when your goat dies," He said, making me stare into his eyes with a fierce stare, as my breath picked up.

"ZPD, OPEN UP!," A loud, dark voice was heard screaming, before a door was heard being broken down. This made Hemsén smile, releasing me and cutting off the zip ties that tied my hands.

"Well, I'd better be going. And you should, too. I can't risk you getting arrested, you know too much," He said, before turning around to walk to a nearby door, grabbing a leather jacket and looking over his shoulder. "Don't think this is the last you'll see of me. Good luck, mutt," Was his last words, before he slammed the door behind him. The shots of tranquilizers was heard as multiple dog barks and screams were heard. Hemsén's men was still down there, with loaded weapons. I sighed, still upside down, attempting to find anything to get me down from the rope holding me upside down. Rubbing my teeth, I grunted as I pulled myself up and grabbed the rope by my feet, and bit right through it. Falling down and slamming into the ground with my back first, I coughed. Slowly getting up, I frowned to see that I wasn't wearing my wool coat, only the blue shirt. Finding the coat by a nearby chair, I slipped it on, but froze as I heard the door to the room open.

"C'mon, if we get arrested, Hemsén is going to be REAL mad!," I heard a voice say. Looking around me, I examined the room for anything. In the room there was a desk, which had multiple cans of deoderant, aswell as Hemsén's lighter which he must've forgot in his hurry. I looked around, then looked at the chair Hemsén sat in. Narrowing my eyes, I took the deoderant, and sprayed it all over the chair, dampening it in the fluid, then grabbed the lighter, lighting up the legs of the chair. As Hemsén's thugs rushed in, I ran towards them, slamming the combusting chair into the closest one, a pig's face, making him squeal and back off, attempting to get off the flames that started to set off on him. Tossing the rest of the chair towards the rest of them, they all screamed and backed off. Jumping over the chair, I pushed my way forcefully through all of the thugs. The room I exited from lead to a hallway in a old fashioned apartment complex, with run down walls.

"Hey, that's Isaac, get him!," I heard from behind, before tranquilizers- Along with real guns, was heard being loaded. I turned around, before hearing a gun shot fire, and nudge me by the coat. I

started to run faster, before a rain of bulletfire and tranquilizers was fired at me, missing by only inches. I continued running, hearing a scream from behind me. Looking over my shoulder as I ran, I saw the thugs redirecting the fire towards the other side of the hallway, where Zootopian Police Officers had just come up to our floor. Turning back, I saw more officers coming up the staircase on the other end of the hallway. Speeding up, I turned towards the staircase, and began running upwards, hearing the yells of the officers calling for me to stop. I continued running up the stairs, until I got to the roof level, storming out and finding myself in the middle of night, with rain pouring down on me. Looking over the city, I could tell I was in a old district, in which there was multiple abandoned apartment complexes, including this one. Turning around, I checked the door I came from, seeing a single fox police officer come out. Nick Wilde. I widened my eyes, and ran to hide behind one of the chimneys that came out from the ground of the roof. Looking around me, I sighed, not knowing what to do. Hearing a buzz in my pocket, I picked up the phone from earlier, and saw a single message from the same number that Hemsan called from. The message read

"The job is still on- I expect you to do it- H.," Sighing, I closed my eyes and attempted to come up with some kind of idea. If Nick saw my face, I would never be able to attempt to fake myself into a friendship with them, as Nicholas plan went. Grabbing my shirt, I pulled off a huge rag to use it as a mask. Lifting my hands up, I got up and confronted Nick.

"Freeze!," He said in a strict tone, lifting his tranquilizer at me. Looking at him, I lifted my hands higher. He seemed to recognize me, and tilted his head. "Wait, you look an awful lot like.," He widened his eyes. "You're one of the kidnappers," He said, lifting his tranquilizer more accurately at me. I closed my eyes, sighing. Starting to walk towards me, he pulled a pair of cuffs from his belt, and lifted them up. "You're coming in with me,".

As he closed in, he motioned for me to move my hands forward so he could cuff me. As he fit the first one on my wrist, I in a quick manner kicked him in one of his legs, making him fall over. Wasting no time, I ran off towards the edge of the apartment complex, and hoped for the best as I jumped off, starting to scream as I fell towards the ground, slamming into a pile of trash bags. Feeling fine, I got up and started to run away from the scene. The last thing I saw of that apartment complex was Nick, staring at me from the roof.

**Three hours later.**

Sitting down in the dining room in our workshop, me, Slick, and Nicholas was all surrounding the table, which had a new's article on it. Holding a bag of ice over one of my eyes, I groaned.

"So, Hemsan took you to a abandoned apartment complex, started hitting you until the police department raided the place.. I don't understand, didn't you say you were with Judy? Why didn't they just kidnap her right there and then?," Nicholas asked, scratching his goatee. Mumbling, I slowly removed the icebag from my eye, rubbing the cut from Hemsan's boot.

"I told you, I don't know. And didn't you say you where going to stay away for a while till the heat wasn't so much directed at us?," I

replied, grunting as I looked around the dining area.

"It just did, Isaac," Slick said, as he slid over the newspaper to me.

**"KIDNAPPING ATTEMPT LEAD ZPD DOWN TO APARTMENT COMPLEX, ENDED IN SHOOTOUT," **The article read, and I rubbed my head.

"Oh yeah, that," I said, lifting my eyebrows.

"So, what'll we do now?," Nicholas asked, leaning on his chair as he grabbed a cup of tea and taking a long sip of it.

"I mean, why not continue with the plan? Hemsen told me the deal was still on. I suppose that means the pay's still on aswell," I said, pulling out the phone that I got earlier.

"Where'd you get that?," Nicholas and Slick said in unision.

"I thought one of you two gave it to me," I said, tilting my head. The two looked at eachother, before sighing.

"It's from Hemsen. I can tell by it. He gives phones out that can't be tapped to people he needs to be in contact wi-" Nicholas couldn't finish his sentence before the phone began to ring. Looking over at the number, I recognized it. It was Hemsen. Grabbing the phone, I put it on speaker and answered.

"Hello, Isaac. Enjoying your day?," I heard the Hyena cackle. The three of us at the table exchanged different face expressions, as I began to clear my throat.

"About as much as I can do, with a cut inches from my eye and a nose most likely broken," I said, groaning as I coughed slightly.

"Funny. You know, Deenen, I changed my mind, and I truly apologize for yesterday. But I knew you'd make it out. My doubts about you three starting to weaken, and I believe that you can be a important asset to us after all. If you do finish this mission, we can probably overlook the first failure," He said, laughing under his breath. "Oh, and we have this phone tracked, and access to all of the cameras. And if you throw it out, we'll kill all three of you," He said, hanging up, leaving us in silence.

"Well. I suppose that means I'll try again. What was that other place Judy liked?

7. Chapter 6: Change

AN: Thanks for everyone that has favorited the story, or supported it in general. Everyone that has, has inspired me to make more chapters. Thanks again, guys, you rock.

Sitting on the hayabusa, I adjusted my standing so I leaned more of the bike's weight on my left leg. I zipped up my new biker jacket, and looked down at my gloves. After the previous meeting with Nick Wilde, I got into some other clothes to make sure that the fox didn't recognize me, even if I did mask my face. Moving up the visor on my helmet, I looked over at the bakery, as I saw Nick and Judy exit the

bakery with a box of donuts, both in their off duty clothes. I folded my arms, and noticed they were heading my way on the walkway. Taking off my helmet, I waved at Judy.

"Hey, Hopps!," I yelled, smiling slightly. Her ears perked up, and she recognized me, smiling slightly as she walked up to me.

"Hey Isaac, what's up?," She asked, offering a fist bump. Huh. I guess this was a thing that we did now. Accepting her fistbump, I looked over at Nick, who had his eyes narrowed at me.

"Is your colleague alright, Judy?," I asked, tilting my head as I stared into his eyes. Judy looked at me in a questionable manner, before looking up at Nick, jabbing him with her elbow in his stomach.

"Hngh!.. Sorry. You just looked familiar," Nick said, before smiling slightly, offering a handshake, as I accepted, he grabbed it tightly to look into my eyes, before slowly letting go.

"Yeah, I get that alot," I lied, knowing that he was onto something, before clearing my throat and changing the subject. "Heard you just got out of hospital, Nick. Tough luck. You alright?," I asked, slowly getting off the bike.

"Oh, oh yeah. No, I'm fine, the whole kidnapping was one big failure anyway. They hit me with some outdated tranquilizer, but I should be fine," He said, before moving his neck sleeve down, showing a big area where fur had fallen off, and in the middle, a red puncture wound, where the bolt had hit. Wait. Did he diss our kidnapping? What kind o-

"Oh, Isaac?," Judy said, looking up at me. Getting my attention, I looked over at her, lifting my eyebrows. "One of my brothers are actually moving in a house nearby, and we were bringing donuts for a movein party. Considering you're here, and he said he had room for some more people, why don't you join us?," Judy asked, smiling slightly. Puzzled, I slowly nodded.

".. Su-," I was interrupted by Nick, pulling over Judy to whisper to her.

"Are you crazy?! A wolf? Do you have any idea how similar he is to the guy who almost kidnapped us? Who almost broke my leg back in the raid yesterday?!", "Not even attempting to be quiet about it, Judy smacked him right in the face.

"Stop it, he's my friend! Do you have any idea how racist you are being right now?!", "Judy retorted, equally as angry. Moving a hand over to my mouth, I cleared my throat.

"Hey guys, I can hear you. Wolf ears, you know," I said, making them turn back. I flicked on my ears as I faked a hurt face. "I-It's alright, I'll just skip. Thanks anyway, Judy," I said, sighing as I got on the bike again and slowly put on my helmet.

"Wait, no, follow us, I promise, it'll be no problem at all," Judy said as she smiled, walking over to a blue, older truck, getting in the driver's street. Nick followed suit, and opened the door to the passenger seat, but before he entered, he looked over at me,

narrowing his eyes. Having my face covered by the tinted visor, he didn't see my big smirk.

As we drove off from the dunkin donuts, I followed the truck the best I could, soon enough coming to a stop at Judy's Brother's house. It was nothing out of the ordinary, just slightly run down. By the parking spots out by the streets infront of it, multiple rabbit sized cars stood parked. As we came to stop, I parked the hayabusa and took off my helmet, putting it by the bike and walking up to the two as they exited the truck and took out the donuts. Only met by a strange look by Nick, we went up to the door and knocked twice. As the door opened, we were met by a old, thicker rabbit with a cap. As soon as he saw Judy, he ran towards her and hugged her tight.

"Dad!," Judy yelled out, hugging her apparent father. As he looked over her shoulder, he saw me and Nick, instantly screaming.

"OH GOD, JUDY, WATCH OUT!," He yelled not realizing she was with us. As he did, me and Nick had the first friendly interaction- A look of dissapointment at eachother, and a united huff, shaking our heads at the ridiculous act put on by the father.

"No, wait, dad, this is my friends! This is Nick, I told you about him. And this is Isaac, a wolf I met a couple of days ago!," Judy explained, as me and Nick put on forced smiles.

"Oh. Nick," The bunny said, lifting a paw and shaking paws with Nick, then moving over to me, handing his paw to me aswell. Accepting his shake, I smiled gently. "God, if it isn't a fox, it's the only kind worse than it," I heard him mutter, making me narrow my eyes as I slowly stopped the pawshake. Turning to Nick, he shook his head and mouthed the words "Let it go," turning around.

"Well, guys, come in," Judy said, as we both snapped out of our senses, walking inside the house.

The place was extremely tidey, and as we entered we walked right into the kitchen, with a staircase to our left and a small living room with a flat screen TV and a three seat couch on our right. The house was completely packed with rabbits, ranging from all kinds of colours and ages. Younger rabbits were all running around, screaming and having their way. As they all saw us entering the house, they stopped in their tracks, and silence filled the room. Everybody stared at me and Nick, who were standing around cluelessly. Looking over at Nick, I saw a drop of sweat fall down his forehead.

Feeling a tap on my leg, I looked down to see Judy. "Psst, introduce yourself!," She whispered to me and Nick, before backing up.

"Oh, right. I'm Isaac, and well.. I'm a wolf. Uh, Judy.. Was nice enough to invite me to this party, so.. I look forward to meeting you all," I said, looking over the terrified rabbits. Nick introduced himself aswell, before we gathered around a long table, outside, that had room for all of us. Despite the weird looks we recieved, everything went surprisingly well. The dishes they served were mainly made out of carrots, and those that weren't were vegetarian. Sighing at the lack of meat, I rubbed my neck. Considering that me and Nick was the only predators in the whole house, it made sense, but still did dissappoint me. Maybe I was just greedy.

"So, Isaac. We already know Nick, but we have never heard about you before what do you do?," I heard Judy's father, who I found out was named Stu, said. I picked up a fork, and shoved a piece of the all vegetable stew into my mouth, chewing on it.

"Well, Stu. I own a workshop downtown. Me and my friends have been working on it since we were fifteen. But we do what we can do to get by. In matter of fact, I am actually working on a side job right now," I said, smiling slightly as I took a sip of water from the glass in front of me. Nick and Judy shared a suspicious look for a second, before slowly returning to their food. Realizing that I triggered suspicion from the two, I mumbled a swear, putting down the glass. We continued to eat, until everyone was done. Stu and what I guessed was Judy's mom went to get the dishes. Looking over the house, I walked out to the houses porch, looking around me. In the corner, there was a bucket full of ice, cooling down some beers. Walking to pick one up, I looked around the porch area to find anyone to share a beer with. Luckily enough, in the corner, I saw Nick, holding a beer himself and leaning towards the porches wooden fence. Walking over to him, I tapped him twice in the back as I myself also leaned onto the porch fence, popping off the cap.

"Hey, fox. Enjoying the party?," I said, attempting to brew up some conversation as I took a sip of my beer, smiling slightly.

"Hmph. Look who's talking, you're moping about just as much as me," He said, chuckling at his own comment, as he gulped down the last of his beer, putting it aside as he sighed. "Aren't move-in parties suppose to be a party with some friends and alot of alcohol?," He asked, looking over at me, causing me to shrug as I looked out over the view of the street from the porch.

"I don't think there's a official rule about what a move-in party is suppose to be like," I said, looking around me as the heat from the sun slowly going down in the horizon.

"Hal.. Ff-," We heard from behind us, as we looked over, a heavily overweight, gray female bunny walked out on the porch, heavily intoxicated as she stumbled around, before falling over, soon enough snoring loudly. Looking over at Nick, I grinned a toothy grin, before laughing.

"That enough alcohol for you?," I asked, which caused Nick to give in, and laugh along with me. We both stood there, just laughing for a while before I stopped.

I was enjoying myself. Having a good time, with the people I was tasked to kidnap. Shifting in my pose, I frowned as I covered my mouth. Could I live with myself if I sent these two into the hands of Hensen? Shaking my head roughly, I tried to get the image of what Hensen would do to them out of my head, but failed.

"Hey, you alright there, Isaac?," I heard Nick ask, making me snap out of my thoughts. Looking over at Nick, I saw him look at me with concern in his face. Smiling, I nodded, and waved him off.

"Yeah.. Just got some bad thoughts on my mind," I said, slowly continuing to enjoy my beer while we chatted.

It's the magic number... I heard my phone ring, making my pupils

shrink. Oh no. Looking over at Nick, I quickly said "Excuse me," And walked back into the house, walking in a half jog towards the closest toilet. Ripping open the door, I closed it and locked it behind me, sitting down on the floor and leaning my back against the wall as I picked up the phone.

Just what I thought. Hensen. Slowly answering, I put the phone to my ear.

"Deenen here," I said, frowning as I clenched my hand into a fist.

"Isaac! Good to hear from you, mutt. Enjoying the party?, " I heard him say, before laughing the iconic laugh of a hyena. Frowning I leaned forward.

"How'd you know I was here?," I asked.

"Well, mutt, it's easy. You're being tracked, remember? And I know everything about this city. Judy's brother moving in, to the city of opportuniti-" I cut him off, frowning.

"I'm not adding anyone to the contract. It'll be hard enough picking off Judy and Nick as it is," I said, crossing my fingers.

"Ah, growing attached now are we, Isaac?," I heard him say, before he started to laugh, making me rub my eyes in stress. "I want to make this clear, Isaac. You will do my bidding. As long as your name is in my book.. You're mine. And I will do whatever I wish to do with you. You're a doll for me to play around with. A tool. If I want you to add people to the list, you will," He said, as I heard the grin form on his lips as he talked. Gulping, I narrowed my eyes and started to speak up.

"Not.. Not if the pay is increased," I said, attempting to gain some dominance in the conversation.

"You don't truly think that you're actually getting PAID for this, do you? I told you. You're mine to control. I showed you what I could do if you crossed me.. The choice is yours. Continue to do as I say," He paused, the tension growing. "Or face pain in ways you never thought was possible," The hyena said from the other side of the line, before hanging up. Putting my hands to my face, I did something I hadn't done in a long while- I cried. I cried like a baby. I was scared, because I knew that he was right. The moment I accepted the job from Hensen was the moment I turned into his slave. What was I thinking, thinking that I had control over the situation. This wasn't work for that twisted fucking hyena, it was a game- I was interrupted in my thoughts as I heard someone knock on the door. Wiping my tears away, I cleared my throat and attempted to swallow the hard spot in my throat.

"What?," I said, still having that crying sound in my voice.

"Isaac? It's Judy. You've been in there forever, are you alright?," She asked, concern in her voice.

"Y-Yeah, I'm fine, just give me a sec," I said, as she clearly heard the cry in my voice.

"Are.. Are you crying? Isaac, what's going on in there?," She asked, as I stood up, wiping the tears away as I flushed the toilet, faking that I had been on the toilet.

"I said I'm fine," I harshly replied, unlocking the door and exiting, frowning as I headed for the door out. I had to get out, think. Get this out of my system. As I walked towards the exit, the fur under my eyes clearly indicated that I had been crying, which gave me multiple looks from the rabbits around me. Practically ripping the door open, I walked out and over to my bike, sitting down next to it and covering my mouth.

"Isaac, what's wrong?," I heard Judy say next to me, noticing that she had been following me all along.

"I.. It's..," Covering my mouth as I pondered. "It's nothin' I can talk about, Judy," I said, looking away. As I did, she sat down next to me, putting one of her paws in mine. Looking down at her, I frowned. There was no way I could harm her and Nick. I frowned, patting her ears with my free paw, before sighing, closing my eyes and nodding to myself. I wasn't going to kidnap them.

Standing up, I frowned as I saw Judy stumble back and look at me with a surprised face. Ignoring her, I got my helmet and fitted it on, starting up the bike and sped down the road. I wasn't kidnapping them. I knew he wouldn't stop using me if I did what he wanted me to do. I wasn't going to kidnap Judy and Nick. I was going to kill Hensen.

8. Chapter 7: A wild one

Storming into the workshop, immediately went up to my room, then walked to my computer desk, tearing it aside as my hands went all around searching for the box. Finally finding it, I put it on the desk and opened the lid, revealing the engraved black and white M1911. Putting it close to my chest, I closed my eyes tightly, as I started to doubt myself. Shaking my head roughly, I got every little piece of doubt out. If I carried out Hensen's orders, it would mean that I would've continued getting ordered around without getting paid by him, and he probably would kill Nicholas and Slick just to get me to more obediently follow orders. Sliding out the magazine out of the M1911, I confirmed that all of the seven rounds was in it, and slid it back in, pulling back the hammer. I wasn't going to be a dog for Hensen. Grabbing the other three magazines and putting them aside, I took off my jacket, and opened my closet, grabbing my original, black woolen coat, which I hadn't wore since the kidnapping. Slipping it on, I instantly felt more comfortable. Putting the spare magazines in the coat, I turned around to walk out of the door, only to see Nicholas stand in the door way, with a toothpick in his mouth.

"Where are you goin'?", He asked, spitting out the toothpick by my feet, frowning as he adjusted his pose and crossed his arms.

"Hensen played us, Nicholas. We're not getting paid for the kidnapping. He's going to use us, and kill us if we don't obey," I said, before lifting the pistol. "Or he was. I'm stopping him," I said, frowning as I walked past him, hearing him start to walk closely behind me.

"Do you know how crazy you're sounding right now, Isaac? You're going to kill Mendel Hemsén? One of the few crime bosses that makes Mr. Big sit down?," He asked, as he followed me out from the workshop, all the way to my bike. Sitting down on it, I could feel him grab my coat.

"Hey, are you LISTENING to me?," He asked, roughly pulling me towards him, almost making the bike tip over.

"I've been thinking alot about this, Nicholas. It's either us, or him. And I don't feel like dying at the age of twenty," I said, looking him in the eyes as I grabbed my helmet.

".. Shit, man, shit..," He muttered, putting his hands on his head. "Alright, Isaac. Go. I'll see what I can do to help you," He said, before waving me off, making me doubt myself a second. Hesitantly putting on the helmet, I started the bike and pulled down the visor to conceal my face. Briefly looking on the display of the bike, the time read 09:19 PM. The sun had completely went down. Perfect. Shifting into gear, I drove off into the empty streets of a sleeping Zootopia. I knew Hemsén's business quite good. Around 09:30 PM a couple of his grunts would be picking up a package from their colleague. They were meeting up somewhere in the park- In matter of fact, the park where the Frozen Yoghurt Frenzy was located. Speeding down the roads, I closed in to the park, evading the few cars that actually was out this late. As I got to the park, I parked the bike right by the Frozen Yoghurt Frenzy, and opened my visor. They were suppose to be meeting here at any time now..

True enough, a black van parked by the outskirts of the park. Concealing my face by pulling the visor down on the helmet, I started to sneak over and ducked behind one of the trees, taking out my pistol.

"Well, Michael, where is the money?," I heard a female voice with a russian accent say. Peeking my head out, I saw a fit cheetah in a tight, all black leather outfit. Followed by three massive buffalos stepping out of the van. By a nearby bench, a small, skinny chihuahua lifted his head, his entire body shaking as he took out a bag bigger than him, setting it down infront of him.

"T-There, miss! Next month, right?," I heard him say, sighing. A victim of the scamming techniques from Hemsén's crew. They used animals that couldn't defend themselves and leeches off them to suck them dry out of their money. God knows that once they had you, you weren't getting out.

"Aw, I'm sorry, darling.. I'm afraid you have to come with us," The cheetah said, before roughly grabbing him, and throwing him into the van, making him scream for help.

"P- Please, I don't understand! The money's there! I.. I..," He stuttered, tears welling up in his eyes. The buffalos looked at eachother, before one of them grabbed the poor soul and started pull him towards the back of the van. Even though he cried for help, none of them seemed to react with more then just a chuckle. Throwing him in, the buffalo brushed himself off, and walked back to the group. Taking a deep breath like it was my last, I got away from the tree, and lifted the M1911 towards the group, pulling the trigger. A loud

gunshot echoed through the town as lights in the nearby apartments turned on. The shot connected with one of the buffalo's head, making him fall over and smash his head against the windshield, blood running down it as the weight of the body made the suspension on the van's front go down, almost pulling the rear wheels in the air.

Terrified, the other buffalos turned around and started to run to cover behind the fan. The cheetah was nowhere to be seen, making worry start in the bottom of my stomach. Drawing the pistol towards the buffalos taking cover, I started to take potshots at them, hitting one of them in the shoulder. He fell down on the ground, screaming at the top of his lungs. Starting to run towards him to finish him off, I was interrupted mid run by a charging buffalo, his head hitting me right in the chest as he scooped me up, ramming me into a nearby wall, pushing out all the air in my lungs. Desperately inhaling for air, I lined the pistol up the buffalo's neck, firing three shots at it, making him collapse with me on his head. Wheezing for air, I looked up at the damage done to the wall. A big crack had formed on the brick house from my body slamming against it. I got up in a weak manner, stumbling towards the wounded buffalo as I levelled the gun towards his head.

"Where's Hem-," I was interrupted as a lightning fast claw smacked my helmet right off my head, before clawing me across my face, drawing blood. Backing up, I saw the cheetah from before, walking towards me seductively.

"Hello, there, wolf. You must be the one that Hemsan told me about," She said. With no hesitation, I lifted my gun, only for it to be kicked out of my hands. One of her paws dug into my chest with it's claws, making me scream. She pushed me into the van's side, before licking my face slowly up and down, licking up the blood from the claw wounds she made previously greedily.

"Tell me, _Isaac,___do you know why our kind never met in the wild before we became civilized? Whilst we were.. Savage?," She asked, her face closing in to me. "Simple. You.. Are the weaker race. We have the claws.. The agility.. The looks.. Tell me, what do you have?," She boasted, forcing me to look into her eyes. I smiled, as the claw marks on my face started to bleed, as I felt something awaken inside me.

Lowering my head, I smirked slightly. "... Well.. We got a pair of pretty kick ass jaws," I said, as my blood began to boil, making me lose it completely. Snarling, and giving out a primal growl as my teeth connected with her throat, her last breath was a gasp before I started to rip her throat out, the blood taste in my mouth only making me dig in further.

".. You.. Damn predators.. They can say what they want, but you are fucking monsters," A deep, raspy voice said from behind me. Slowly stopping, I felt the cheetah's blood drip down my throat. Releasing her and leaving her to gasp for breath in vain, I turned around, seeing the wounded buffalo leaned against the van. Slowly walking towards him, I grabbed my M1911 and helmet, snarling at him. In my anger, I grabbed his shoulder and started to slowly insert a claw in the bullethole I earlier created. This caused him to scream at the top of his lungs, before starting to slowly cry. Tears rolled down his cheek.

"You know where he is.," I said, as the blood inside me boiled, making me feel like I was completely savage.

"W-What?," He asked, making me take his horns and repeatedly slam his head into the van.

"WHERE IS HEMSEN?!", I screamed at the top of my lungs, the blood taste in my mouth only making me go further into my primal rage. Begging me to stop, the buffalo started to grab my arm.

"He's in Sahara Square! Please, let me go, I beg you," He cried. To his luck, a distant sound of sirens was heard. Looking over my shoulder, I then ripped my claw out of the bullethole, blood spurting out on my coat. Not saying anything, I turned around and started to walk in haste towards a dead end in the street, hiding behind a dumpster, falling down onto my all four, my primal rush starting to end, as someone forcefully took me by my neck skin.

"How'ya doin', mutt?," The unforgettable hyena's voice said, looking me in the eye, cackling as he kneed me in my ribs, making me fall over on my stomach, the cheetah's blood caking the ground.

"What's happening to me?!..," I spurted out, my hate towards the hyena before me being pushed aside for a moment.

"Just tryin' out the new goods. Check it out," He said as he took out a remote, pressing a button on it as I felt my irises widen and my chest rise, as my blood began to boil and make him lunge after him. Before I got to him, however, two pair of arms wrapped around me and forced me to the ground, the hyena bending over and wheezing from laughing. "Mate.. This is working way too well. Doc, come and watch this!," He yelled, the primal rage inside of me making me lunge repeatedly for Hemsan.

"I WILL FUCKING KILL YOU!," I screamed in my bloodlust, showing my teeth.

"Hemsan, shut him up before he gets ze attention of ze officers!," A heavy german accent yelled as the owner of the voice, a white wolf with a shirt and suit pants comes out, looking down at me. Hemsan sighed and nodded, grabbing some ductape from his jacket. The two buffalos holding me down slammed me down on my back, kicking me in my stomach repeatedly before forcing my jaw closed as Hemsan wrapped it closed tightly, before patting me slightly on my head.

"Good doggy," He chuckled, before backing up and looking over at the wolf in the shirt.

"Extraordinary.. He has been ze only one to react to ze vibrations since Milo!," The "Doctor" claimed, kneeling down towards me as I attempted to move towards him in my lying state, only to recieve more abuse by the buffalos, eventually cracking my nose, making my cry out in a whelp. Looking up at him, he looked closely at me.

"You vill have to come with us, mister Deenen," The german wolf said, before smiling in a way that only worried me. I was interupted as a paper bag was thrown over my face and I felt a kick in my face once again, leaving me to slowly fall unconscious.

AN: As I have no idea what the nationalities is equivalent to etc German in Zootopia, I will just use the real names. Alright?
Alright.

As I slowly opened my eyes, the only thing I noticed was my lack of ability to see in one eye. With the one functional eye I had, I looked around my surroundings. Finding myself in a white, clean room, I looked down at my hands see a black jumpsuit, with "Emily Corp," written in white letters on it. Groaning, I sat up from where I was lying, I felt myself lying in a bed. The room I was currently in was padded, with multiple claw marks and blood stains on it, but the room had all essentials. A toilet, a sink, a metal bench and a mirror. Slowly inhaling the air, I got up and groaned, looking down at my chest. The cut from the Cheetah's claws had bandages wrapped around it, and seemed to be cleaned professionally. Groaning, I continued to torture myself with walking towards the mirror, my bodyweight fighting against me. Finding myself in front of it, I grunted. The other cut, the one across my face. They had been cleaned, but the pink claw marks stood out like all hell in my black fur. Sighing, I moved over to my wounded eye. It had swollen over, and I couldn't see through it at all. All in all, I was looking pretty shit.
Lik-

"Hello, Mister Deenen. I see you've woken up. I would excuse for the current state of your room, but I'm afraid you're the one who caused it," I heard a woman's voice speak up from behind me. Turning on my heels, I saw a window. Huh. Don't know how I didn't see that before. Anyhow, the window worked somewhat like one they use in interrogation rooms, except you could look through both sides. Behind the window stood a female, short and old fox stood, gray hairs beginning to grow around her face. Looking down on the ground, my eyes widened as I remembered what happened yesterday.

"Oh, yes. I see you remember what happened yesterday night. It is truly unfortunate what you did to those animals. But Hemsen did insist on setting you off there," She continued, clearing her throat.

"You.. You work for Hemsen? What have you done to me? What the hell's Emily co-" Interrupted once again, I frowned.

"No, no, you got it wrong. Somehow everybody thinks that Hemsen is some.. Big time mafia, just because he's out there with my grunts, but no, he works for me, and he's doing a good job, especially considering he found you.. You see, Mister Deenen, what we did to you may sound very sickening, but you will have to understand.. Well, you don't have to, but I'd like you to. Ever since the failure of the experiment we led on the plant nighthowlers and they're effects, we became very intrigued on seeing that not only the nighthowlers cause animals to go savage, but a very rare, well, let's put it as disability, has proven to make animals go amok, from the sound of a very special vibration.. You just happened to be one of those animals. And you just happened to be one of them. Hemsen found you a couple of months ago, and so far you have been in our center attention with a few other individuals," She finished, finally done rambling.

"W-Wait, the nighthowlers? Wasn't that ex Mayor Bellwether? And what the hell are you talking about, "rare disability"?", I rambled on, before being cut short as I fell to the ground, feeling the familiar

rush from yesterday night, the hidden savage inside of me slowly starting to bubble up and take over, before it let go, making me inhale sharply, laying on the ground and breathing heavily. I looked up at the mirror to see the older fox sitting with a remote in her hand.

"Oh, yes, Bellwether. Quite the actor, but a puppet none the less. So far she's doing great, as well! Serving life time behind bars was probably not what she expected. And didn't even mention us. A true employee to the Emily Corp," She said, smiling. "Oh, and before you ask what's happening to you, I just told you," She said, before lifting the remote and wiggling it slightly. "Vibrations. But I have to be honest, it's not as effective as I expected. But fortunately, there's a solution to everything. You will have to believe me when I say I truly did not want this, but there seems to be no other option. I hope you understand. Rufus?," She said, before a door behind me opened and two buffalos in full suits walked through it, roughly grabbing me despite my attempts of resisting. The only thing the disobedience did was cause me to be furtherly abused by a couple of hits and kicks from them. Stopping, they started to drag me out from the room, revealing me to almost a office, with workers of all races, casually typing on computers. All of them casually shot me a look, before going back to sipping on their coffee, or typing on their computers. Continuing through the offices, we finally got to a stop infront of a big, metallic door. One of the buffalos let me go, and opened the door, throwing me inside. The room was cold and dark, and the floor was made out of concrete, making it all more uncomfortable.

"Ah, mutt! You look like absoloute shit, mate!," I heard the damned hyena say from behind me, making me slowly get up and turn around. "Come to think of it, mutt. You ever seen the movie Dogpool? Yeah, the one where they took Wade and tortured him until it fucked up his body completely?," He said, before laughing, as a pair of buffalos followed him inside the room and closed the door behind them, flicking on the lights. Hemsan threw a case down infront of him, taking out a pair of matte black brass knuckles and fitting them on.

"You do know that calling him by such a degenerative zing such as 'mutt' is racist to your own race asvell, right?" The voice of the doctor boomed through a pair of speakers from the ceiling, as Hemsan simply laughed, signaling for the buffalos to grab me. Seeing them walk towards me, I backed up, attempting to throw a fist towards one of them, only for it to be blocked, as I was forced into a headlock.

"Oh, shut up, doctor, and play me that song," Hemsan said, smirking as he raised his fists and swung them at me to the sound of Bulls on Parade by Rage Against the Machine.

9. Chapter 8: The troubled five

A week had passed. One. Week. Of torture. And repeated attempts at activating the machine within me to make me completely savage, with no self consciousness left. I was currently bound up in chains in a well lit up room with white walls, and a single chair in the middle, with Hemsan sitting in it, my torturer, chewing on a bit of beef jerky.

"Y'know, mutt. Usually people don't last all this long. Must be something with you, because Emily won't let 'ya go. Y'know. People who DID resist this long got killed. Would hate to do that. I like you. Y'know, I missed the times when you thought I was a mob boss and you would do anything for me, for the right price," He said, continuing to chew loudly on the beef jerky, chuckling and shaking his head, before staring down at my chest, smirking slightly. "Shit, mutt, look at you! All that beating must've been doing SOMETHING to you!," He claimed, laughing his iconic laughter as I slowly looked down at my body. He wasn't lying. My body had morphed into a fit state for some reason during the torture. My once simple gut was developing into defining abs, and my arms were covered with veins, making visible marks under my fur. Not answering, I hanged my head once again, a drop of blood trickled down my chin.

"Well, I suppose I'll tell you, I know you want to know. The whole kidnapping was a bluff, man. All we were doing was hitting you with those vibrations to see if you reacted to it. Thanks to the doc, we know it did. Fun while it lasted. Anyhow. Boys, let him down," He said, lifting a hand, as the chains dropped me from the five feet I was in the air, making me collapse down on the floor. Walking up to me, two buffalos opened the door in the background and walked by him, scooping me up.

"You're going to go meet some of friends," He said, before flicking the salt from the beef jerky into my eyes. Closing me eyes, I shook my head roughly to get it out. The buffalos started to carry me out from the room, by the lead of Hensen, as he whistled a joyful tone. Finally coming to a door with bars behind it, they quickly opened it and threw me inside. The room resembled a messroom, except there was only one table in it. Three characters sat around it, and they all turned to me as I slowly started to stand up.

"Who is it, Milo?," An wheezing voice said from the table, making me flick my ears as someone started to sniff behind me.

"I don't know, Liam!," A child's voice said, making me turn my head over my shoulder. A baby tiger with a scar over a milky eye looked down at me with a curious look, tilting his head. "He's hurt, Liam," He continued, making me remember the previous torture session, making me groan as the pain hit me like a punch in the face, as I fell down on one knee, soon enough passing out.

â€|

"He's waking up!," A female, german accent yelled out. Slowly waking up, I saw the blurry vision of a white.. wolf... Connecting the accent with the apperance, I shot a hand up and grabbed the doc's throat in a forceful grip as I stood up, almost immediately falling over. Feeling the doctor grab my arm, I slowly let go as I fell down on my knees in my weak state. Looking up at the Doc, I widened my eyes, instead of seeing the doctor, I saw a female white wolf, practically the same as the doctor, except for the gender. "I see you have met my brother..," She said, as I narrowed my eyes. Suddenly, a black panther barged into the room I was in, followed by the baby tiger from before, and an older, white goat.

"What's goin' on?! I heard something!," The black panther yelled, looking around him.

"It's okay, it's okay! He just.. Mistook me for Ludvig," The wolf said, looking down at me and slowly reaching out a hand to help me. Looking at it, I hesitantly grabbed it and was assisted to get to my feet.

"C'mon, we'll explain everything," She said, before leading me out of the room I found myself in, leading to the mess hall from before. All of us sat down on the table, as I rubbed my head.

"... Why's this happening to me?," I asked, looking up at the animals around the table.

"You're a victim to an inhumane(an: you know what i mean) experiment. We all are. I was fooled into this by my coworker, Ludvig.. You seemed to know him, by the way you treated Sam here at first glance," The goat, who apparently was the owner of the wheezing voice, said, sighing as he looked around him.

"Oh.. Yeah, I'm sorry.. I- I just.. It's been hard to keep it together lately," I said, frowning as I thought back to the week of non stop torture.

"Don't be, if it was my bastard brother, he would've deserved it," "Sam" said, as she frowned.

"Yeah, that son of a bitch will get what's coming for him," The panther spoke up in a dark, booming voice. "But first on my list is Hem-" He was interrupted in mid speech by the entrance door to the mess hall was kicked open, revealing a hyena, with multiple buffalos following him.

"Did someone say my name?," Hemsen yelled, cackling as he walked inside. "Hope you guys are getting along with the mutt, Isaac, over here. He's usually a smartass, but nowadays he's just been borin'.. Only time he opens his mouth is when I'm beating the shit outta' him," He looked at me, before going around the table, stopping at Milo.

"Hey kid.. How's the eye?," Hemsen whispered, still loud enough for us to hear. The only thing that he got back was a whimper, as Milo shook uncontrollably from fear.

"Stay away from him, you sick fuck," Sam spoke up, making Hemsen lift his gaze up towards her, and stand up, walking towards her.

"Ah, Sam. Lookin' good," He said, before grabbing her neck roughly and forcing her head into the table, slowly licking his lips as one of his hands was put on her hip, despite her struggles. Seeing this, the panther stood up, only to be held down by a pair of buffalos. Chuckling, Hemsen let her go, and the buffalos simply grabbed Milo by his arms, roughly ripping him away from the table and carrying him towards the exit. Hemsen laughed, and followed them. The tiger cub screamed and kicked, as tears welled up in his eyes. Standing up, I hopped over the bench to walk towards them with haste, getting stopped by a familiar buzz in my chest as I fell over and started to widen my eyes.

"At-at-at! Bad boy!," Hemsen yelled, holding a remote in the air. Slowly succumbing into a savage state, I started to attempt to run

towards them, but the signal was interrupted as they all walked out the exit, and closed the door behind them. Followed by silence from all the four of us, except for a few sniffs from Sam. Slowly getting up, I felt the feeling of primal instinct escape my body. Breathing heavily, I stumbled over towards the table.

"Welcome to a normal day for us, Isaac. I'm Peter. But everybody calls me Pantera," The black panther said, as he rubbed his head in frustration.

The goat looked at me, as he slowly took a sip from a cup of tea he had made.

"I take it you are sensitive to the vibrations? Hrmh. I'm sorry," He said, frowning and clearing his throat. "I'm Kane. And now you know what they do to us down here. They take one of us every two days and torture us to force a reaction similar to what the nighthowler flowers did. Most animals don't react to it, and all of us have been fortunate enough to be considered resistant to it.. Except for Milo. And you, partially," He said, leaning forward onto the table as he whispered to me. "You see, Sam managed to steal some documents about you from Ludvig.. Security isn't as harsh as it used to be.. But anyhow. Granted, you get effected by the vibrations, but some consciousness still exists in you whilst you're in your savage state.. I believe that's why they keep you," He continued, looking at me.

"... And what about Milo?," I asked, looking up at him as he closed his eyes and sighed.

"He goes completely insane. What that twisted fox does to him will not go unpunished," He said, frowning as he leaned back. Sam sniffed, attempting to hide her tears as she wiped away them, clearing her throat.

"I presume you've met Emily. The fox. She owns this corporation. It's unclear how it even exists. It's not listed anywhere. I've looked into it whilst I was working with Ludvig.. But nothing," The goat finished, tapping a hoof against the table.

"It's government funded, is what it is," Pantera spoke up.

"Don't be ridiculous, Panthera," Kane said, shaking his head "They wouldn't bring in a child to torture him to make him some kind of savage beast," Just as he finished that sentence, the doors to the exit opened, and a single, crying, tiger child crawled into a fetal position. The panther immediately ran over to him, and put a hand on his shoulder, to which the tiger responded by clinging onto the man's tanktop and hugging him. The rest of the other animals walked over to the two, whilst I started to look around the mess hall. It looked alot like a warehouse, with a room to the left which had all their beds and a small kitchen, aswell as another room, to their right, which had the letters WC written on it, unmistakeably a toilet.

If they came here every two days, we had time, granted, a limited amount, but still time, to cook something up and as soon as they opened the doors..

"Boom," I said, smirking slightly, causing Sam and the Panther to look up at me.

"Sorry?," Sam said, slowly getting up.

"You never thought of busting out through the doors when they opened them, did you?," I asked, still staring at them up and down.

"Of course we did, it's too heavily guarded," She shot back at me from my inconsiderate attitude towards Milo.

".. But Kane, you said you were Ludvig's colleague, right? Do you know where they store items that we had on us before we were captured?" I asked, scratching my cheek.

"I.. Yes, I do.. Why?," He asked, looking up at me as he petted Milo. Turning around, I gave him a teathy grin, as I walked over to them.

"Then this is easy, all it takes is some team effort," I said, crossing my arms.

"W-What are you going to do?," Milo asked in between his sobs, as he looked up at me with eyes that made me melt from guilt inside.

"Break out, silly," I said, walking over to the toilet, opening it and examining around me. The place was run down, but they seemed to be cleaning it reguarly. A big bottle of toilet cleaner stood in the corner, and there were three urinals, aswell as a regular toilet stall, with a lock, and a shower with curtains in the corner. Walking over to the shower, I ran my hand through the pipes, and made the thickest one out, before kicking it off, spraying hot water all over the floor. Grabbing the separated pipe, I tried to swing it against the wall. Not a scratch on the pipe, just a crack in the concrete wall. Smirking, I put it aside, breaking off more of the pipes.

"Will you tell us what you're planning, Isaac?," Sam said from behind me, making me look around to see the white wolf stand behind me with crossed arms.

"I told you, I'm breaking out," I said, sighing as I went back to searching through the pipes, grunting.

"You won't get anywhere with a bunch of pipes. You'll get yourself killed and us a good beating," She said, sighing.

"Oh, these things? I know, these are just for half way through. Once I get to wherever they keep our stuff I got a game changer," I said, smirking.

"And what might that be?," She retorted.

"A M1911 colt with about three and a half magazines," I said, walking over to the bathroom stall as I tore down the door, grabbing one of the pipes I had and started to kick it to bend it into a handle, aswell as grind it against the wall to make it somewhat sharp, then kick it down into the door, and lift it up, testing how sturdy the handle was.

"You're going to go up against hundreds of guards, aswell as a

mentally ill hyena, who probably are armed with better weaponry than a simple pistol?," She asked in disbelief.

"Well, as I see it, they want me alive, right? So, the best they can do is tazers, tranquilizers, and batons," I said, lifting up the door, now a improvised riot shield, as I shrugged. "Well, what do you think?," I asked.

"I think you're about as insane as the hyena," She said, making me sigh. "But if you're going to go, it's doom for us if we stay here. You're going to have to bring us with you. Or atleast Milo," She ordered.

"Oh, no, I was going to leave a child in the hands of merciless torturers," I chuckled, before putting aside the riot shield and kicked aside the pipes.

"Hensen was right, you really are a smartass," She said, before smirking and walking out to the mess hall, with me following her suit.

"Alright guys, we're apparently breaking out!," Sam yelled as I walked up next to her. Panthera, Kane and Milo turned around from sitting at the table and perked their ears up. "Isaac apparently has a plan," She said.

Walking up to the table, I crossed my arms, explaining.

"They're not allowed to use deadly violence, correct? So, I need you all to carry this table. They're going to be using anything that isn't lethal, so that rules out any guns of sorts except for tranquilizers. Hey, Kane, where do they keep our things?," I asked.

".. In the cellar," He said, grunting as he rubbed his eyes. "Whatever it is you want, a family portrait from your wallet, or money, it's too heavily guarded and we won't get out of there with makeshift wea-"

"He had a gun on him, Kane. We aren't going to get out without that," Sam said, as I started to daydream, looking over to their bedroom.

"Hey guys, do you by any chance have some tinfoil and a glass jar?," I asked, remembering the toilet cleaner from before.

"Uh... Yeah?," Sam said, looking over at me like I was crazy.

"God, you guys didn't have very exciting childhoods, did you?," I asked as I walked over to the toilet, quickly grabbed the toilet cleaner, and then walked over into the bedroom/kitchen, searching up the tinfoil and jar, putting them all on the table as I sighed.

"Rip the tinfoil into small balls, put it in the jar and fill the jar with bleach. Bam, bomb with some nice glass shrapnel," I said, lifting my hands up.

"What kind of twisted childhood got you into this?," Kane asked me, making me shrug.

"I 'unno. Just like things that go boom," I said.

"You seem in a much better mood than before, Isaac. You were all quiet earlier today, what made you so energized?," Sam asked from behind me. Looking over at her, I paused, not certain as to what I should've answered. Simply shrugging, I sighed.

"Alright, so who's coming? I mean, if you want to stick along, that's fine," I said, laughing slightly to myself, making me briefly question my sanity.

"Man, fuck this place. I can't stand that hyena any longer," Riley said, slamming his paw into the table.

"I suppose we'll have no other choice," Kane said, straightening his back.

"...", Milo didn't say anything, causing us all to look over at him. As we did, he smiled slightly.

"I want to go home," He said.

10. Chapter 9: Not today

AN: Before I start this chapter I want to thank everyone that favorited, liked, reviewed or simply stuck along with the story. You guys are the best, and inspire me to attempt to make this Fanfic as good as I can make it. Thank you, truly.

Today was the day. We had all prepared for this, and we couldn't be more ready. Everybody was running around like crazy. Me and Panthera was carrying the beds over towards the door, blocking their entrance so we could have some extra time to get fully ready when it was time. Stacking four of them on each other, we highfived quickly and walked over towards the bathroom.

"So, if you see us fall over, or we get caught, what do you do, Milo?," She asked, looking at him in a serious manner.

"I'll continue running, no matter what!," He said, smiling at her as she patted his back. Scratching my back, I looked at my tight shirt. As Hensen threw me in here without a shirt, I had borrowed one of Sam's, as she was the only wolf. It was exactly the same as the one I got when I arrived here, except for the different size, the Emily corp on it and everything.

"Good going, kiddo'," I said as we walked by.

"You know, Isaac, I'm scared," Panthera said, looking over at me. "It'd be all alright, but I can't stop thinking.. Hensen's going to have the remote.. As soon as he knows we escape, he's going to activate it.. And.. With how Milo reacts to it," He mumbled, making me stop dead in my tracks.

"We'll.. We'll find out something," I said, sighing as I grabbed the entire sleeves of my shirt, ripping it off and handing them to Pantera, as he gave me a questioning look. "If he goes out of control, restrain him," I said, nodding once as we continued to walk towards the bathroom, grabbing the rest of the pipes and walked back

into the mess hall. Kane walked out with a makeshift backpack, with God knows what inside. Just as I was about to walk over to the door, I was stopped by Pantera.

"I'm more worried about what happens when you get affected by it," He stated, looking at me with a serious look. Sighing, I rubbed my neck.

"I.. Suppose we'll have to trust that I can control myself. If not, I bet one of the guards we come across will have cuffs on him," I said, nodding at him reassuringly, receiving a nod back. Letting me pass him, I changed directions, and walked over to Milo and Sam, sitting down with them.

"Hey guys, how's it going?," I asked, forcing a smile.

"Great. Isaac, do you really think we're going to get out?," Milo asked, looking up at me with hope in his eyes.

"Of course, Milo. Being this prepared.. And granted that nothing goes wrong.. Well, I'd say we have a pretty good chance," I said, smiling as I petted the tiger, nodding once reassuringly. "Hey.. Uh, Milo, when we actually do get out.. Where are we going to go with you? Where's your parents?," I asked him, giving Sam a look, who simply shrugged.

"Well.. When I was last with my mom and dad, we where at a park in Zootopia, visiting from the Sahara and I met Hensen.. He was really nice at first, and even brought me, my mom and dad some ice cream.. We spent the whole day with him... But when we were ready to head home.. He.. Grabbed me and ran," As Milo started to crawl up, tears starting to well up in his eyes. "And I," He attempted to continue, before I put a hand on his shoulder. Out of nowhere, he ran towards me, hugging me tightly. In my surprise, I held me arms out, looking over at Sam, who looked just as surprised as me. I hadn't even known him for two full days, yet here he was, hugging me when Sam was right next to us. Slowly putting my hands on his back, I patted him.

"It's alright, buddy. We'll get you back to your parents," I said, patting him. "If it's the last thing I-," Interrupted by what sounded like a kick from the doors, I widened my eyes.

"Agh, God damnit.. It's jammed! You, get this shit open," A familiar voice said from behind the door, as we all stood up, me still holding Milo.

"Alright, Milo, you're going to have to let go, we're getting out of here," I said, looking at him. He simply nodded, and I ran over towards the table, putting Milo down. Kane and Sam hid behind it aswell, as me and Pantera ran towards the wall next to the door. Grabbing the toilet cleaner and the jar, full of tin foil, from the ground. Filling the jar with the toilet cleaner, I quickly closed the cap on the jar as it started to bubble inside. Looking over at Pantera, we both nodded once. Hearing the sound of Buffalos moving around, we braced for impact.

A loud slam was heard against the door, as the beds blocking the door moved slightly.

"Again!," The sound of Hensen screaming made me clench the jar, and

grab a nearby pipe as I frowned. "What the fuck has these freaks been doing?!", He yelled. Hearing the buffalos backing up for another hit, I braced for impact, knowing this would be the one.

The what I presumed was buffalos slammed into the wall, causing the beds to fly aside. As soon as the doors flew open, I threw the jar into the ground, as a massive boom was heard, echoing throughout the whole place. Covering my eyes with my arms, I felt my forearms getting absolutely shredded by the glass shards from the homemade bomb. Hearing the screams from the buffalos, I could only presume they had fared worse. Grabbing the makeshift riotshield, me and Pantera appeared from the cover of the walls, seeing four buffalos laying on the ground, bleeding, aswell as a Hyena in a leather jacket leaned against the wall. Widening his eyes at the sight of me, Hemsen reached for his jacketpocket for what I could only guess was the remote.

"You motherfuc-" I interrupted him as he gritted his teeth by throwing a swing with the pipe at him, causing blood to spray on the white hallway. Doing it again, I heard a sickening crack from his nose, as he fell unconscious. Looking up from behind me, I saw Sam, Pantera, Milo and Kane running out of the mess hall, looking around themselves in the massive hallway.

"This way!," Kane yelled out, taking the lead as we all followed him, Milo jumping up on Pantera's back and staying on there with help from his claws. The hallway lead to a distant staircase, aswell as a continuing hallway to the right. Hearing distant running, I frowned, lifting the riot shield I was holding. Soon enough, five buffalos ran out of the hallway to our right, equipped with tazers ran towards us. Upon seeing us, they lifted their weapons, firing them towards us. Hitting the table and my improvised door shield, they did nothing more than damage the doors. Ramming into them, I caused some of them to stagger back, at the cost of totally destroying my improvised shield. Sliding on the ground, I saw the remaining standing buffalos load another set of cartridges in their tazers. Slowly balancing myself, I got ripped up by one of Sam's paw's as she pulled me in behind the table they had turned around.

"Idiot!," She said, causing me to laugh. As we got to the staircase, it became all to clear that we couldn't have the table anymore to protect us, it was too small to fit the table. Looking over at the others, they seemed to be realizing it aswell. We all shared a pair of looks, before all at the same time letting go of the table and running down the staircase. A frenzy of tazer cartridges followed us, as we decended down to the next floor. As we got down to the next floor, a metal door blocked our entry. Me and Pantera slammed into it and forced it open, revealing shelves upon shelves of clothes, laptops, phones, everything. The shelves were categorized by races, and one side for each gender. Stopping by wolves, I crept in and started to search through the shelves as Pantera and Kane started to lock up the door. Patting through their clothing, I ripped out every wallet I could find, taking license and cash they had on them, stacking them at the end of one shelf as I patted through the pockets of all of them, pausing at one in particular. A pair of suit pants. Slowly creeping my hand into it, I found a car key. Not just any car key. A key for a Camaro SS. With a grin, I put it aside, I pulled the guy's wallet out and grabbed his driving license, looking down at it. Black fur. Perfect. Putting it aside aswell, I grabbed his phone and took that aswell. Finding my things, I started to unbutton my shirt

and pants, slipping them off and putting on my familiar black woolen coat, smiling.

"All these peopl- Isaac, what are you doing?!", Sam asked me, as I looked over at her in only my underwear, midnight blue shirt and coat.

"... Getting dressed up?," I half asked, as I recieved and sigh from her, only for her to go to the female side of wolves. I guess she had the same idea. Slipping on my pants, I patted my chest to reassure that my M1911 was there. Chuckling, I pulled it out, and slid out an empty magazine, putting it in my pocket and replaced it with one from the other pocket, pulling back the slide. Walking out from the corner, I grabbed the man's driver license, his phone, the phone, the cash I hoarded from all the wallets, the ID's and the key's, shoving the items into my pockets.

"Alright, you guys ready to go?," I asked as I exited the shelf, only to see Pantera, Milo and Kane on their knees. Sam was still in around the shelves getting dressed. The buffalos had broken through the door whilst I was scavenging, without me noticing. As they saw me, they levelled their tazers towards me, only for me to dive behind the shelves, as a wave of the tazers missed their mark. Pulling out the pistol, I lifted it and fired pot shots from my cover. The buffalos, with unloaded tazers, started to retreat out the door, leaving the three behind. Getting up, they grabbed the door, and slammed it shut again.

"You guys go get what you need, I'll be right here," I said, jogging towards the door and lifting my M1911 towards it. Pantera and Kane looked at eachother briefly, before running out towards their race's section, as I heard clothes being dropped on the floor and them ripping up things from their shelves.

"I'm truly dissapointed, Isaac. I thought we could agree something. But you still have options. Surrender, and my guards will safely escort you back to the mess hall," I heard Emily say through speakers from the ceiling.

"Screw that noise," Sam said from behind me. Turning around, I saw her, followed by Kane and Pantera. She was donning a black leather jacket, along with some average blue jeans. Kane had changed to a full black suit, with a dark grey shirt underneath. Kneeling down, he brushed dust off his loafers. Pantera was donning a normal black T shirt, and a pair of jeans.

"Preach," Pantera said.

"... Guys.. Can we go now?," I heard Milo said from the background, as he appeared out of the dark, jumping up on Pantera's back, climbing up and sitting on his shoulder.

"Right," I said, before kicking up the door, immediately getting grazed by a tranquilizer bolt, making a hole in my coat. Lifting my M1911, I replied with two bullets towards my attacker. A buffalo fell over on the stairs, dead with a tranquilizer in his hands. "Son of a bitch!," I yelled, looking down at my coat.

"Are you alright?," Sam asked, grabbing my arm.

"Yeah, he ruined my coat," I mumbled, as Sam pushed me, before we all ran up the stairs, me in lead with the colt readied. As we came up, we were greeted by three guards, firing a pair of tranquilizer bolts and tazer towards us. Falling down in the stairs, to take cover, I peeked up, firing off bullets and hitting several off them, before the rest backed off. Attempting to fire once again, I was met by a click. Muttering a swear, I looked behind me as I slid out the magazine. Behind me, I saw Pantera holding Milo, who had an dart in his chest. Pulling it out, he looked up at me and shook his head, simply saying "Out could,". Looking over at Sam, I saw her passed out on the stairs, with Kane attempting to pick her up. Sighing, I walked over towards them, grabbing Sam by her jacket and pulling her over my shoulder, carrying her. Getting up the stairs, I held the pistol with on hand, and Sam with my other hand, as we headed into the hallway. As me, Pantera and Kane ran through the hallway, we aimlessly followed it until we got to what looked like an entre. Smiling, we continued through the room, as a pair of double doors with a green Exit sign above it showed itself. Pantera walked up to the door, and pulled it with all his might.

"It won't budge!," He said, trying with all his might. Putting down Sam, I pulled with him. Locked.

"You should have listened to me, Isaac. Now you'll all pay," Emily said, as I turned to the ceiling, yelling at the top of my lungs.

"FUCK YOU!," I yelled, turning to the door and aiming my pistol towards the handle, shooting to bust it open. To my surprise, it opened up, and Kane and Pantera rushed ahead. Holstering my Colt, I grabbed Sam with both my arms and ran out. Outside, it was a downpour. As soon as I got out, rain drenched us both. Seeing Pantera holding Milo, and Kane standing on a parking lot infront of me, I ran towards them, looking down at Sam, smiling as I laughed outloud.

"We made it out!," I yelled with glee, before a familiar buzz was felt in my chest. Falling down halfway from Pantera and the others, I let go Sam, as she fell down on the ground.

"Isaac!," I heard Pantera scream from behind me. Him and Kane ran up to me, before they looked behind me, with pure fear in their eyes. Looking down at me, Pantera shook his head and closed his eyes, grabbing Sam with one of his paws and holding Milo with the other.

"I'm sorry," He said, before running away, Kane following. They went into a car parked by the side, started it and speeding off.

"Well, mutt, looks like your friends left you," Hensen said from behind me, as he kicked me in the face. Rolling around on the ground, I stood up, only to recieve multiple punches in my stomach. Slamming my hand into the side of his palm, I directed his hit away from me, and bit him in his shoulder, causing him to scream. Pulling my head backwards, I grabbed the remote from his pocket, I turned the remote off, as the taste of blood in my mouth almost made me vomit. Ripping my jaws off his shoulder, hunks of flesh followed. I kicked him once, causing him to fall down, holding his shoulder. "You fucking monster! You look down at me, but maybe you should look in the mirror for a change!," He yelled, causing me to look over to a puddle and look at my own, blood caked face. Turning, I fished the key out of my pocket

and ran off, searching briefly for the Camaro. Opening the door, I slammed it behind me and turned the car on, speeding off in the rain as tears started to well up in my eyes.

End
file.